

The Hunting of the HARE,

W I T H

Her last Will and Testament:

As 'twas perform'd on BANSTEAD-DOWNS, [By CONEY-CATCHERS and their Hounds
To a most pleasant new Tune, &c.



Of all Delights that Earth doth yield,
Give me a Pack of Hounds in field;
Whose Echo shall throughout the Sky,
Make Jove admire our Harmony,
And with that be a Mortal were,
To view the Pastime we have here.

I will tell you of a rare Scent,
Where many a gallant Horse was spent,
On Banstead-Downs a Hare we found,
Which led us all a sinning round,
Where hedge and ditch away she goes,
Thinking her approaching foes.

But when she found her strength to waste,
She parly'd with the Hounds at last:
Kind Hounds (quoth she) forbear to kill
A harmless Hare that ne'er thought ill;
And if your Master sport do crave,
I'll lead a Scent as he would have.

Hunt.] Away, away, thou art alone,
Make haste, I say, and get thee gone;
We'll give thee Law for half a Mile,
To see if thou can'st us beguile;
But then expect a thundering Cry,
Made by us and our Harmony.

Ha.] Now since you set my life so light,
I'll make Black-Flowers turn to white,
And Yorkshire Gray that runs at all,
I'll make him wish he were in stall;
And Sorrel he that seems to flye,
I'll make him supple ere I dye.

And Barnard-bay, do what he can,
Or Baron's Bay, that now and then
Did interrupt me in my way,
I'll make him neither jet nor play;
Or constant Robin, though he lye
At his advantage, what care I.

Will. Matton he hath done me wrong,
He struck me as I ran along,
And with one pat made me so sore,
That I ran reeling two and fro;
But if I dye, his Master tell,
That fool shall ring my Passing-bell.

Ho.] Alas, poor Hare, it is our nature,
To kill thee and no other Creature;
For our Master wants a Bit,
And thou wilt well become the Spite,
We'll eat thy flesh, we'll pick thy Bone;
This is thy Doom, so get thee gone.

Ha.] Your Master may have better Cheer,
For I am dye, and Butter's dear;
But if he please to make a Friend,
He'd better give a Pudding's End:
For being kill'd he sport will lack,
And I must hang o'er his Huntsman's back.

Ho.] Alas, poor Hare, we pity thee,
If with our nature 'twould agree;
But all thy Doubling-shifts we fear,
Will not prebail, thy Death's so near:
Then make thy will, it may be that
May save thee, or we know not what.

Ha.] Then I bequeath my Body free,
Unto your Master's Courtesie;
And if he please my Life to grant,
I'll be his Game when sport is want;
But if I dye, each greedy Hound,
Divides my Entrails on the ground:

Imprimis, I bequeath my Head,
To him that a fair fool doth wed,
Who hath before her Maiden-head lost;
I would not have the Proverb cross,
Which I've heard amongst many Quiblers,
Set the Hare's Head 'gainst the Goose-giblets.

Item, I do give and bequeath,
To Men in debt, (after my death)
My subtle Scent, that so they may
Beware of such as would betray
Them to a miserable Fate,
By Blood-hounds from the Compter-gate.

Item, I to a Turn-coat give,
(That he may more obscurely live,
By swift and sudden Doublings, which
Will make him pollitick and rich;
Though at the last, with many wounds,
I wish him kill'd by his own Wounds).

Item, I give into their hands,
That purchase Dean and Chapter's Land,
My wretched Jealousies and Fears,
Mier with the Salt of Orphans Tears,
That long Persecutions may persevere,
To plague them and their heirs for ever.

Before I dye, (for Life is short,)
I would supply Men's proper want;
And therefore I bequeath unto
The Scrivener (give the Debt his due)
That forgeth, Cancars, and then forswears
(To save his Credit) both my Ears.

I give to some Sequestered Man,
My Skin to make a Jacket on;
And I bequeath my Feet to they
That woily mean to run away:
When Truth's speaker, Falshood's dun
Foxes must dye when Lyons come.

To fiddlers, for all Trades must live,
(To serve for strings) my Guts I give
For Gamesters that do play at Rur,
And love the Sport, I give my Skur:
But last of all, in this sad Dump,
To Tower-hill I bequeath my Rump.

Ho.] Was ever Hounds so basely cross?
Our Masters calls us off to rest,
That we the Scent have almost lost,
And they themselves must rule the roast:
Therefore, kind Hare, we'll pardon you
Thanks, gentle Hounds, and so adieu.

Ha.] And since your Master hath pardon'd me
I'll lead you all to Banbury,
Where John Turner hath a large Room,
To entertain all Guest that come;
To laugh and quaff in wine and Beer,
A full Carouse to your Gallies.

Licenced and Enter'd according to Order.

L O N D O N:

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